

know--somebody probably order them (the trees) and shipped them in. They had them on each side of the road especially along the cow pastures where the cattle--you know their thorny--briars--those bois d'arcs. And all the saplings had come out there and the cattle couldn't go through on account of their thorns. About that long. My father happened to cut two good straight ones--or maybe one good straight tree about six inches through. That would make us two good bows. Then he made us (each bows). They would split them, you know. And they'd make arrows. You didn't have to have feathers in them kind--that kind of wood, because bois d'arc is heavy. Oh, it's heavy--you can shoot with it. But when it gets old, the wood turns dark brown--real dark brown. That bois d'arc. But when you first cut it, it's yellow. But when the older it gets, the darker it gets. And I kept my bow my dad made me--he made it for me when I was eight or nine years old. It happened to be a full size--it fit these arrows, anyhow. This size arrow. And I went till I was about seventeen or eighteen years old. I realized that I ought to keep that, and I kept that at home. I always kept that in a room where nobody could--And I went off to school in 1904, and I came back in 1910, after I had attended several schools. When I got home and my bow as still there. I was twenty-two or twenty-three years old. And in 1937--yeah, 1937--I went to the Medicine Lodge peace treaty celebration--like we did this last fall. Every five years we go up there. And I decided to carry my bow. So my brother-in-law and I--I went down to the wood that fall and I got some pretty good sized arrows. And I had two bois d'arc arrows--three. I said, "Brother-in-law, let's make my arrows, feather them." He said, "All right." So I got some sinew and feathers and we fix up those arrows. And I fix them all up. Four of them--they had spikes. We feathered them. And I got my wife to see if she could accumulate me some sinew. We always kill our own beef, and always cut that sinew out and I fixed my own sinew bowstring. And I carried that. And the Comanches--the Attocknies--my cousin--he says, "Brother, my father-in-law wants to buy your bows and arrows--for the picture--the Comanches." He said, "You're part Comanche. Your arrows are Comanche." I said, "Arapahoes and Comanches had